THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.] "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE." [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

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CHALMERS, WHITFIELD, WESLEY--THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS AND POWER.

BY REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D.

I was present in the General Assembly of Ireland in the year 1851, and when the deputation from Scotland, headed by Dr. Duff, addressed that venerable body, I sat by the side of a member of the deputation when one of his brethren made an address in a manner the most excited. He was a very large man; and when he let out his voice to its full pitch, suited the action to the word by a heavy stamp with his foot upon the platform, it would seem as if the building and audience trembled together. When, dripping with perspiration, he concluded, I asked my neighbor whether that was a fair specimen of the manner of their Scottish ministers. He replied that Dr. Chalmers went often, as far beyond as that went beyond ordinary tameness; and then gave me an account of a speech delivered by him in the General Assembly of Scotland, during the heated controversies which led to the disruption. It is doubtless the same speech to which his eloquent son-in-law and biographer, Dr. Hannah, alludes in the 114th page of the 4th volume of his life. The decision of the courts of law were pronounced against the party headed by Chalmers, and the ablest men of the Moderate party were there to sustain them. Scotland, from the Tweed to the Orkneys, was excited. All eyes were turned towards the coming Assembly. It met, and the day for the great discussion was fixed. It arrived, and the big heart of Scotland was beating its strongest pulsations. The debate opened at 11 at noon, to a house densely packed. The Moderates, clerical and lay, presented their case logically and powerfully. When they concluded, who was to reply? Every eye turned to Chalmers. As if in prayer for divine aid, he bowed for a few moments in his seat, during which the vast audience was breathless. He rose and the cheering which greeted him was as the sound of many waters. And the magnificent oration in which he met the courts of law and questioned their decisions—in which he met his opponents, and gave their arguments to the winds—in which he maintained the independence of the Church, and the doctrine of non intrusion—in which he asserted if there is a Queen in the State, there is a King in the Church—occupied three hours in delivery.

The crisis was a great one, and he nobly met it. Never was Demosthenes more eloquent—Paul more fearless— never was Whitfield more successful. Under his all but inspired periods the vast assemblage swayed like a field of grain before the winds of summer. When he concluded he was wrapt up in cloaks and shawls and taken to an adjoining house, so exhausted as to render the attention of friends necessary for several hours. The vote was taken, and Chalmers carried whith him the Assembly. And the Free Church sprang into being—and Scotland felt that a new and powerful impulse was given to our Christianity, which will be felt for a thousand ages. O, when the mind of a great man fully bathed in the light of heaven, and the heart of a great man filled with the love of Christ, are thoroughly roused, they can almost turn the world upside down.—And any ordinary man, fully in earnest in his work, may accomplish wonders.

Since my mind has been able to form a true estimate of the character of Whitfield and Wesley they have commanded my highest admiration. Were I a hero worshipper they would be of those before whose altars I would bow down with profound homage, and upon which I would offer my costly incense.

Intellectually, they were not the greatest men of their day; but as simple preachers of the gospel, they had no superiors in any age of the Church, since the days of Paul. With their great powers of mind—with large hearts—with the most expansive benevolence—with the highest estimate of the value of the soul, and the eternal importance of its salvation through Jesus Christ, they sought to preach the gospel to every creature. This was their own object. There were no efforts to catch applause—none to be popular with the fashionable and frivolous—there was no flowery diction, nor gaudy metaphor, mixed up with fanciful descriptions and pretty pictures—there was no taking of a text for a pretext, and then running away from it among the things actual and possible, for material to fill up a discourse. They were not of the class of preachers who tell men that they must be saved 'on general principles'—who talk wisely of 'volition,' when they 'will'—who expand 'duty' into 'moral obligation,' and 'thinking and doing' into 'intellectual processes and moral powers'—in whose hands 'heat' becomes 'caloric,' and 'plants and animals' 'organized substances.'—and 'a certain man of the Pharisees,' 'a gentleman of the Pharisees'—and 'the ten virgins' 'ten young ladies.' Oh, no. The law of their life was to preach Christ and him crucified. And to do this, they sacrificed all domestic enjoyment and personal ease—they crossed the ocean many times—they endured, joyfully, all manner of persecution, from those who sat in Moses's seat, down to the lowest rabble—they rose from the bed of sickness to address multitudes, when it was feared they might exchange the pulpit for the bier—'they wore out life in labors so incessant, that it looked as if they were in haste to bring it to a close.' And if not possessing the classic purity of Hall, nor the deep thought fulness of Edwards, nor the grand sublimity of Howe, nor the silvery light of Bates, nor the vast knowledge of Owen, nor the wonderful imagination of Taylor—they combined some of the noblest characteristics of these, with others peculiarly their own. Like John the Baptist, they were burning and shinning lights; and wherever they went, however opposed by formalists, the heart of the Church opened for their reception, cities and communities were moved by their presence; and they have filled the nations with the fame and the fruit of their evangelical labors. They have written their name upon the rock forever. Their fame as well as the fruits of their great labors, belonging to the entire Church of God; and whilst we would not, in mere intellectual power, place them 'amongst the three first,' we would, as noble preachers of the Gospel, place them in the very rank of the ministers of Christ of any age. Their names will live with those of Luther, and Calvin and Knox, as long as the sun or moon endure.

And yet their great leading characteristics and which elevated them heaven-high above other men, was their intense earnestness. They rose at a time when the Church of England had sadly backslidden from the faith—when infidelity had obtained among the higher classes—when bishops and rectors lost all authority as religious teachers, when spirituality in religion had been supplanted by the heartless formality. The picture drawn of the moral state of the English Church, at that time, by the elegant pen of Dr. Stevens, the learned author of 'The Life of Wesley," is truly affecting, and shows how little a mere liturgy, however truthful, can do to keep alive the spirit of the gospel. In this state of things, Whitfield and Wesley appear together. The effect was like the rising of the sun of summer in midsummer, when the earth, the streams, all are frozen, when the trees and forests are leafless. Such preaching, the people, then living, had never heard. The common people heard them gladly. The palaces of bishops, the rectories of fox hunting priests, soon felt their influence. It went up to the court of the sovereign. It pervaded Britain; it crossed to the American colonies. It is, at this hour, felt at the ends of the earth. It will never die out. And all, under God, before they were earnest preachers of the gospel.

'Works it Up.'—The Evansville Enquirer works up the Sickles murder case after the following fashion: 'Toodles rushes up to Sickles and weeps, so does Muggins, and so Brown. Snob No. one kisses Sickles coat-tail; Snob No. two brushes his boots with his handkerchief, and No. three is so overcome he don't do anything. Sickles is seized by the legs and attempted to be borne out; the jury rushed out to shake hands with him. He reaches the street; Washington city broke loose to see him; the reporters got on the top of hacks, (very interesting;) the one who sends us the silly messages climbed a telegraph pole and sat astride the wire to get a good view and report to the associated press, (highly important;) another one ran down to Brown's tavern, and got a drink, (thrilling circumstance;) Sickles exhibited signs of fainting; a copy of Harper's Weekly was held before him containing the stereotyped fac-simile of his wife's confession, at sight of which he revived, (no wonder;) he was lifted into a carriage; Toodles got in beside him, so did Snuggers, so did Damphool, and the Snobs No. 1, 2 and 3; some of Damphool's relations in the crowd wanted to unhitch the intelligent horses and make themselves beasts in their places, and drag the carriage through town; the driver decided they would injure the harness; and so (the reporters say) they were 'detured.' Sketches of the carriage, and the horses with the crowd trying to get into the harness, were taken on the spot, and will appear in Harper, Leslie, the Ledger, and Venus Miscellany.

Sickles was dumped out at the house of Spilljan McCracken, Esq. Addle-head slid down from the telegraph pole; the old maids and virtuous wives of Washington drew their heads back from the windows morally impressed with the scene, and the adultery (in others) punishing husbands all went and bought pistols ready to shoot somebody the first chance they had, (most of them expecting one daily).'

A Dublin paper contains the following paragraph:—"Yesterday, Mr. Kenny returned to town, fell down and broke his neck, but fortunately receive no further injury!"

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful world.

Prosperity is a stronger trial than adversity.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR COINAGE

There are at present circulating in the British Islands four distinct kind of pence, with the satellite half pence and farthings. In the first place, there are the heavy pieces popularly known from the broad band surrounding both obverse and reverse as 'ring' pence. Of these, which were struck at the old Soho Mint by Messrs. Boulton and Watt between the years 1797—1799; 16 go to the pound avoirdupoise, and they have certainly worn remarkably well, although they must have worn out a vast number of pockets in the 60 years of their existence. At the close of 1799 pence, half-pence, and farthings of respectively 18,36, and 72 to the pound were struck by the same firm; and these circulated alone with their weighter brethren until 1805, when a further improvement as it was deemed, took place. In that year 28 pence, 48 half-pence 96 farthings to the pound weight were considered fair proportions for the copper coinage, and, new dies having been got up for the purpose, Boulton and Watt again set to work in producing these comparatively light coins.

It will be seen thus that within a space of eight years three kinds of inferior coins were stamped into vitality and became current. This was not however, considered sufficient, and an Irish coinage of great extent, and in which the one pound weight was divided into 26,52, and 104 pence, halfpence, and farthings respectively, took place in 1806 and continued to go on simultaneously with the last named English variety up to 1823. In that year the Irish coinage was abandoned, and, although there have been distinctive copper tokens struck since for the Isle of Man and for the States of Jersey, of like proportions to those for Ireland, yet it may be said that the arrangement of 24 pence, and 96 farthings to the pound weight has prevailed throughout Great Britain ever since 1823, and is that of the present day. It will be admitted from this record of facts in connection with the copper coinage that there is a sufficient medley of recognised legal pieces of money in circulation among us; but there is, in addition to these as most know to their cost, a very large per centage of non-recognised and illegal dices of copper, of which the public can 'make neither head nor tail,' and which are altogether discreditable to an enlightened community. Is it not high time then, we ask that whether the decimal system be adopted or not, the whole confused jumple of copper coins, nearly 6,000 tons in weight should be sent once more into the foundry there to be united with some more spiritual, or at least more valuable metal, and then re-issued in a uniform and handsome shape? By judicious combinations of metals lightness beauty, and value may be obtained, and these are the desiderata for a new coinage.

In the United States' Mint experimental pieces have been issued of nickle and copper. How these will stand wear time will reveal, but their dull gray color is not pleasing to the eye, and they are of a dumpy form—too thick for their small diameters. The bronze coins of the Napoleon III. and those of the Victoria Canada mintages are, indeed, models in this last espect. For ourselves, we believe that the new clay metal aluminum, which promised to revolutionize in other respects the world of metals, will be found a most excellent material for admixture with copper for the purpose in question. It is true that its properties are not yet fully developed, but enough is known to augur for aluminum a brilliant and useful future. Melted with copper, in different proportions, any shade of color between those of zinc and fine gold may be obtained, and we look forward to the day when Dr. Graham, of the Mint, fand some of his scientific *confreres* shall arrive, by experiment or otherwise, at an amalgamation of aluminum and copper from which may be cast a new coinage—decimal or duodecimal—that with the aid of the engraver's art and the skill of the machinist, shall surpass in proportions color, and practical utility, the coinage of every other country. This matter has been dwelt upon at some length, because it is right that the public should comprehend it thoroughly, and be thus enabled to bring the force of their opinion to bear upon the government in effecting a wholesome and necessary reform. Mr. Disraeli professes to bow to public opinion, and declares that it is the most potent of all agencies. If we can enlist it, therefore, in behalf of a decimal coinage, the good work in introducing it may be said to be begun.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

Wendell Phillips on the mode of Making Hunkers.—Wendell Phillips, in a recent address, described the mode of making a hunker in politics. He linkened it to an operation he had once witnessed in an aquarium. The confirmed hunker is at first tender and susceptible to light, like the jelly fish, sporting on the surface of the water, and enjoying the liquid beams of the sun. The fish floats about till it adheres to something, a rock, or a vessel's side, and then it begins to discharge its members, a leg, an eye, and finally its head. The last stage of the metamorphosis which the fish undergoes, is its hardening into a barnacle. In that form it clings through life to the substance to which it has attached itself. The hunkerized individual in a similar manner, never lets go his hold of the copper bottom of the ship of State.

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

How happy was the eventide,
In the good old days now past and gone,
As round the farmer's fireside,
We gathered when the day was done,
The fire light flickering on the wall,
Sweet voices sounded in the hall.

The songs and mirth and tales went round,
And many a shout of laughter clear,
Rang out with joyous pealing sound;
Which loving hearts grew warm to hear;
Gay shadows danced upon the wall,
Like city belle at the city ball.

The ruddy blaze of the great pine fire,
Glanced on the good dame, happy and mild;
Burnished the locks of the gray-haired sire,
Painted the cheeks of the frollicking child,
Brightened with lustre the long broad hall;
Cast many shadows on the wall.

And when the merry Christmas came,
Stockings were hung on the Christmas tree;
And the simple gift, and the good old game,
Made the old feel young, and the young full of glee!
The shadows lingered long on the wall,
And light feet lingered long in the hall.

Many Chrismases came and went;
The old folks stood on the brink of the grave;
Their forms were withered and feeble and bent,
And the youth grew up to manhood, brave;
Then the shadows trembled on the wall,
Like leaves of Autumn, ere they fall.

Those days are gone, time swiftly fled,
And green mounds where the willows weep,
Among the nations of the dead,
Show where those old folks calmly sleep!
Then silence reigned within the hall,
And darkness shadowed all the wall!

The little ones that sported there,
Scattered o'er earth far and wide;
Assailed by wordly grief and care,
Weep as they think of the old fireside!
In dreams they sport again in the hall,
And dance to the shadows on the wall.

Land Speculations at the West.—A native of Massachusetts thirteen years ago sold a lot in St. Louis, Mo., for $1,500. To day, it having become a business centre, it cannot be bought for $400,000. Another gentleman went to Kansas in 1854, taking with him $7,000. The property he has acquired there from this nucleus is now worth $200,000. Property in Leavenworth which sold in 1854 for $300 or $400, is now worth $15,000. The same is the case in St. Joseph Kansas City, Lawrence, and a few other prominent points. Men in those places have become wealthy, not from any superior sagacity, but having invested a little money in the early history of the Territory. In 1855, an Ohio gentlemen paid $100 per acre for a tract of land adjoining Leavenworth, and within six months got an advance of $1,000 per acre. But a change has taken place. In 1857 paper cities sprung up in great abundance. Shares in them sold readily from $300 to $1,800. In one of them a lot 25 x 150 sold then for $1,000. They would not any of them now bring $10 per lot. A great deal of Eastern capitol was sunk in these embryo cities.

India Rubber—Its Manufacture.—India Rubber, in the condition in which it is when first imported, has much irregularity of texture, and is also contaminated with much dirt and refuse. To seperate these the India rubber is first cut into very small fragments, and then steeped in warm water, by which the dirt is precipitated. The fragments are dried and thrown into a kind of kneading machine, where immense pressure is employed to bring them to one homogeneous mass. There is in this kneading process evidence afforded of a very remarkable difference between gutta purcha and India rubber; the former requires to be heated to a soft state before being placed in the kneading mill, but the India rubber, though put in cold, becomes so hot by the agitation that it cannot be safely touched by the hand—it being necessary to supply the machine with cold water, which is made nearly to boil with caloric driven out of the elastic mass. So thoroughly is the mas pressed, rolled, picked, cut and kneaded by this operation, that all dirt, air water and steam are expelled and it presents the appearance of a dark colored, uniform and smooth mass. It is then put in castiron moulds of great strength, and brought by hydraulic or screw pressure to the form of blocks, slabs or cylinders, according to the purpose to which it is to be applied.

An American Engineer in the Austrian Service.—It is well known that Austria has of late years been strengthening her fortifications in her Italian possessions, and in doing this has shown a proper appreciation of native talent. One of the most important of her Italian fortifications has been constructed under the superintendence of an American, Mr. Hamilton E. Towle, who graduated at the Lawrence Scientific School, connected with the Harvard University, and was subsequently employed on the government works at Rouse's Point. Some three years ago he went with his young and accomplished wife (a graduate of the Cambridge High School) to Austria, for the purpose of erecting extensive fortifications at Pola, on the Adriatic, about ninety miles south of Trieste. The works were nearly completed at the last accounts from Mr. Towle, and he hoped soon to be able to return to his native country, though he expressed some fears that the French would blockade Pola and thus his return be prevented.—*Boston Journal, May 30.*

Mr. Rarey.—Mr. Rarey, performing before the Royal family, at Berlin, has gone on to St. Petersburg, where his hands been kept quite full. On the 10th he gave a performance before the Emperor and his family and two of his brothers, besides several princesses. The first subject was a horse who had just kicked his box to pieces and killed his groom, and Mr. Rarey exhibited him after a few days training as obedient as a circus horse, and ready to obey orders, which were given to him from the other end of the riding school. The second was a wild, unbroken, entire horse, from the steppes of Russia; and he, too, was completely subdued in so short a time that the Emperor not only publicly expressed his gratification, but ordered a report to be published in the papers. The Illustrated London News says that Mr. Rarey has finally concluded arrangements with the Horse Guards to teach the British Cavalry, and he returns for that purpose to London on the 1st of June.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hope?

You exhibit a great deal of vanity, madam, in always telling what others think of you." "It would certainly be no vanity in you, sir, to tell what the world thinks of you.'

Constitutional Convention Election in Kansas. LEAVENWORTH, K. T., June 8.—An exciting election took place to-day for members of the constitutional convention. Past issues were ignored and both parties stood on a free state basis. Some days must elapse before the result in the territory can be known.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few beams that are bright all the time.

THE TOWN AND FORTRESS OF ALESSANDRIA.

Alessandria, or Alexandria, the capital of the province in Piedmont of the same name, and one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, is situated in a rich and fertile plain declining towards the East, 65 miles by road, 46 miles direct distance, E. S. E. of Turin; 60 miles by road, and 48 miles direct distance, S. S. W. of Milan; and 40 miles direct N. by W. of Genoa; in lat. 44 54 N., long. 8 38 E.; on the river bank of the Tanaro. It extends across the narrow marshy tract formed by the confluence of the Bormida with that river, and has an altitude of 203 feet above sea level. This city—which has been styled the Boulevard of Piedmont—was, until recently, enclosed on three sides by a strongly fortified wall, while extensive outworks ran along the east side of the Tanaro; on the opposite or west side of that river is the citadel, a sexagonal work, which is connected with the city by means of a covered stone bridge of fifteen arches.

On the opposite side of the river it is sheltered by a chain of small hills extending from Monte-Calieri eastwards to a bold and beautiful height a little to the north east of the city, which is crowned with a fine castle and tower. The buildings with which Alessandria is adorned, are the town and government houses, which are situated in a handsome square decorated with tree the Palazzo-Ghilini, the civil and military hospitals, the cathedral, six parish churches, four convents, fourteen hospitals and asylums, an academy of arts, several schools, and a royal College and gymnasium.

In 1806 its population was estimated at 35,216; in 1855, its population was 21,520, exclusive of the garrison, amounting to 4,500. But, taking in the sixteen sub urban villages lying without the walls, its aggregate population in 1855 was 39,294. It has some spinning mills, and manufactories of silk, linen, cotton and wax candles. The central position of this city with respect to Milan, Genoa and Turin—its command of the Tanaro and Bormida, and of several of the most important routes of communication with the surrounding districts, render it one of considerable commercial influence and resort. Its fairs, held in the end of April and beginning of October, are among the most important in Italy.

In November, 1857, a railway was opened from Alessadria to Voghara, whence it is expected it will be carried on to Stradella, in the Duchy of Parma, and so unite the Piedmontese lines with the great Central Italian line, Alessandria will thus form the central point of the great trunk or principal railway lines of Sardinia, one of which passes, by way of Genoa, across the Apennines; the second, by way of Turin, to Asti and to Parma; and the third, by Valenza and Novara, to the Lago Mago Maggiore.

Alessandria was taken by Storza, Duke of Milan, in 1522; sustained an unsuccessful siege by the French in 1657, and after an obstinate resistance, fell into their hands in 1707. The present citadel was begun in 1730 and finished in 1745. In 1796 it made a conditional surrender to Bonaparte. In 1799 it fell before the combined armies of Austria and Russia, and after the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was regained by the French, who expended nearly 50,000,000f. upon its fortifications and retained it until 1814, when the province became a portion of the Sardinian dominion, and the fortifications were to a great extent razed.—*Fullerton's Gazetteer of the World.*

S. S. Prentiss.—When this gentleman was in his glory, in the State of Mississippi, during a season of high political excitement, there was a convention at Hernando. Prentiss was there, and set everything ablaze with his burning eloquence and inimitable wit. As was usual, hundreds of ladies crowded the ground to hear him, and when he had concluded the welkin rang with shouts of applause. Now there was present one Didymus Brief, Esq., an opponent, who, like the gnat in the fable, never suffered to pass unimproved an opportunity to inflict his bite on the ox's legs. He arose to reply to some of Mr. Prentiss's arguments. When Didymus han gone through his "piece," and had given it the last finishing touch of gesticulation, peculiarly his own, he sat down apparently exhausted. Prentiss, meanwhile, sat looking on, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, enjoying the thing hugely. At the conclusion he slowly arose, advanced to the front of the stand, intending, no doubt to drop an admonitory hint to such thick headed zealots, when at that moment a neighboring jackass, quartered hard by, "opened his mouth and spoke" long and loud. Mr. Prentiss turned his eyes in the direction of his new assailant, and fairly gasped with astonishment, without uttering a word for a moment, and then ere the reverberating tones of the ass had died away, he turned to the audience, and throwing up his hand deprecatingly to his first opponent, exclaimed, "Ah! ladies and gentlemen, another competitor! I can't stand it! and sat down amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude. Didymus Brief, Esq., became thoroughly disgusted with the "vulgar Whig meeting," and withdrew.

GENIUS IN WOMEN.

In every direction, in the Eastern and Middle States, we at present hear of physical education. There has been a revival in favor of health and of rational education, and it is bearing good fruits. Even one or two universities are having gymnasia put up and teachers provided for the bodily education of their students. Excellent works, by such writers as Sedgwick, Trall, Jacques, Miss Beecher, Walker, and others, are being extensively read, while cricket, base-ball, swimming and other exercises are enjoying unwonted popularity. The fact that the young must be trained and taught to be healthy is becoming a matter of common discussion, and here and there some writer, bolder than the rest, ventures to hint that at boarding schools the system is deficient which keeps youth for eight or nine hours at books, and for exercise sends them an hour on a funeral-like walk, or permits them to be idle in the house.

It is principally for the enormous influence which it exerts on the intellect, health and happiness of woman, that such physical culture should be a matter of sacred obligation on parents as regards their daughters. There is a degree of ignorance and carelessness extant on this subject which, when examined, appears absolutely terrifying and amazing. By far the greater majority even of American girls in the healthiest period of life are semi-invalids, while a still greater proportion are constant sufferers when a little advanced in life. All of this is the direct consequence of neglect. There is not one woman in a thousand who exercises as she ought while young, or who is educated with a view to health. Of late years this neglect of physical development has been fearfully increased by the increased elegance of dress. Little girls are clothed in silks and crinoline to a degree and to cost which was never dreamed of twenty years ago. The result of all this is "Children behave yourselves and keep quiet!" Exercise is wanting, and disease follows languor.

One of the worst results of continually debarring women from proper exercise—and this has been done for thousands of years in all civilized countries—has been a reduction of mental force. Sedentary lives have given women nervous power, equivalent to occasional violent exertions, but have deprived them of the capacity for long continued effort. We do not contend, as unreasonable people would, of course, at once assert, that woman is naturally as strong as man. But we do believe, and experience has abundantly proved it, that nothing would be easier than to make all women stronger than the average of men in our Atlantic cities now are. This degree of strength was possessed by Greek women and Roman ladies, and it involved with them no sacrifice of grace. We consequently believe that the following extract from Charles Reade, is an absurdity, if we regard it as setting forth a radical law:

"Nothing is so hard to woman as a long steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair cannot stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacona, a Newtona, a Handella, a Victoria Haga. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. No! mesdames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can flash like diamonds of poems. The entire troupe has never produced one opera, nor one epic that man could tolerate a minute; and why?—these come by long, high strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but affections, (and there they are giants,) they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Fragecla shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on till peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so on through countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with a headache."

Even under the present neglect, ladies often show the falsehood of Reade's argument. Mary Cowden Clarke's sixteen years of labor on her Shakspeteah Concordance was a pretty long strain. Ruskin as a logical, steady rational writer on art, is far inferior to Mrs. Jamieson—he, in fact, is the rhapsodical woman, and she the reasoning man. The instance of a woman's receiving a high toned, substantial education, such as most literary men who are scholars have enjoyed, is as rare an event as a youth's being brought up in petticoats, and yet Master Superficial Reade, who never had an idea above a light comedy, undertakes to say that *genius* is not in woman's nature. When woman is educated with a joint view to physical strength, permanent health, and mental vigor and earnestness, we shall see genius developed rapidly enough. It is only one man in many thousand, among the educated, who shows genius, while it is only one woman in many thousand who gets an education.—*Phila. Bulletin*

DEATH LIGHTS.

On Sunday morning, May 29th, in New York, a young married woman, who had been nursing her restless babe through the night, rose at three o'clock in the morning for a light. While filling the lamp the burning fluid took fire—covered her dress—in short, after lingering in agony twelve hours, she died.

Camphene! Camphene! There is no paper which does not contain accounts like the above; no mail in which we do not read of them; yes, and there is no family in which camphene is used in which, in the long run, sooner or later, the disaster does not come. We can recall an instance in which we were triumphantly told "Well, we've used burning fluid these seven years and no accident yet." The only answer for such a remark is, "then you are all the nearer to one." For the fact is, wherever there is a chance of calamity allowed to remain, dependent upon the simple safeguard of precaution, it is sure to come at some time. The lady who was murdered in New York by the diabolical, two-penny saving invention, was, we doubt not, very careful indeed. But when one has been bewildered and wearied until three o'clock in the morning by a crying babe or an invalid, and then attempts, while "tipsy with sleep" to fill a fluid lamp, nothing is more likely than that mistakes may occur.

And there is something so terribly life-like, so demoniacally mysterious in the action, not only of gunpowder and fire, but of these fluids. Who has not been awed at seeing flames run, apparently like serpents endowed with intelligence, over surfaces which gave them no nutriment, for the purpose of destroying distant objects? Who has not trembled to see gunpowder apparently explode of itself, as if mad to fulfil it missions? So it is with all these destructive materials. It is a poor economy to light up a house with death fires and corpse candles. Think of this, as you carry a camphene light around with you in lonely places at midnight!—*Phiadelphia Bulletin.*

A Bishop on the Carriage Abuse.—The Catholic Sentinel contains a letter from Bishop Timon of Buffalo, in relation to a rule recently promulgated by him respecting the number of carriages to be allowed in attendance upon funerals among Catholics in the diocese over which he presides. He says:

"The abuses of funerals, often making them become a pastime, a pleasant drive; the frequent desecration of a sacred rite and duty; the unchristian scenes, at times, occurring even in the graveyard; the outraged feelings of real mourners; the widows and the orphans, who next day, had no food but what charity applied, yet seldom the charity of the friends who, the day before, so freely spent their money to hire twenty or thirty carriages for the almost frolic of a funeral; the tyranny of a worse than pagan custom, forcing the poor man, on pain of being called mean, to give his last dollar for a carriage, and leave his family next day without bread, the unhonored grave of the dead, unmarked for months or years even by a cross, after all this friendly display; the tumult in the graveyard; the riotous conduct, which from time to time, deeply grieved the pious and respectable, desecrated the cemetery, deprived it of its prestige for good, and often took away the wish of again revisiting it; all this, *and more*, occasionally scandalizing the faithful, and exciting the scoffs and ridicule of others, have long called for an effectual remedy."

A remarkable instance of affection between animals of opposite nature, was shown a few days since over the river.—Mr. J. Hasling, over there, had two fine horses, and a sheep, a motherly old ewe, who had long grazed together; the sheep showing always a particular preference for one of the horses. The other day the sheep followed her equine friend on an errand down the coast, seven miles and back. On the following morning, Mr. Hasling found both his horses lying sick, and the sheep watching sadly over the one she had adopted. Both horses died; and when they were dragged away for skinning and interment, the sheep followed her dead friend with as much solemnity as if she had been a human mother following a child to the grave. The horses had been poisoned by some malicious villian. Our informant who is a man of veracity, assures us, as the most singular circumstance of all, in this drama among beasts, that since the death of the horses, the poor old sheep has lost all her wool!

A great many persons undertake to build fortunes as Pat tried to build his chimney—they begin at the top and build down.

Employment, which Galen calls 'nature's physician,' is so essential to human happiness, that indulence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.